In Recital

# Maura Sharkey, soprano

assisted by

**Roger Admiral, piano**

**Saturday, March 1, 1997 at 8:00 pm**

Convocation Hall, Arts Building

**Department of Music**
**University of Alberta**

**Program**

Parto, Parto — Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
(from *La Clemenza di Tito*) (1791)

From *Frauenliebe und Leben*, Op.42 (1840) — Robert Schumann (1810-1856)
1. Seit ich ihn gesehen
2. Er, der Herrlichste von allen
3. Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben
4. Du Ring an meinem Finger

"Wiewohl mein Herz in Tränen schwimmt" — Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)
"Ich will dir mein Herze schenken"
(from *St. Matthew Passion*) (1729)

**Intermission**

Fêtes galantes (I) (1891) — Claude Debussy (1862-1918)
En sourdine
Fantoches
Clair de lune

La Bonne Cuisine (Four Recipes) (1947) — Leonard Bernstein (1918-1990)
Plum Pudding
Ox-Tails
Tavouk Gueunksis
Rabbit at Top Speed

Una Voce Poco Fa (from *Il Barbier de Seville*) (1816) — Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868)

Ah! Je ris de me voir (from *Faust*) (1859) — Charles Gounod (1818-1893)

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Ms Sharkey.

Ms Sharkey is a recipient of the Beryl Barns Memorial Awards (Undergraduate), the Edmonton Opera Guild Scholarship, and the Johann Strauss Foundation Scholarship.

**Parto, Parto - I go, I go**
I go,I go, but you, my love,
make peace with me;
I shall be as you wish me,
I will do as you like.
Just look at me, and I will forget everything;
I shall fly to avenge you.
Another glance, and I will
take care of the rest.
Oh gods, what power
you have given to beauty!

**Frauenliebe und Leben - A Woman's Love and Life**
**Seit ich ihn gesehen - Since I have Seen Him**
Since I have seen him, I believe I am blind;
Whither I am looking, I see him alone;
Like in a waking dream, his image floats before me,
Rising from deepest darkness, brighter and brighter.
Everything else around me is light and colourless,
The games of my sisters I want to share no more,
I would rather weep silently in my little chamber;
Since I have seen him, I believe I am blind.

**Er, der Herrlichste von allen - He, The Most Glorious Of All**
He, the most glorious of all,
How kind he is, so good!
Gentle mouth, clear eyes,
Clear mind and firm courage,
Even as in yonder blue depth,
Shines bright and glorious that star,
So is he in my heaven,
Bright and glorious, sublime and far.
Wander, wander along your course,
Only to look at your light,
Only to look at it humbly,
Only to be blissful and sad!
Do not hear your silent prayer,
Offered for your happiness;
You must not know me, humble maiden,
Noble star of glory!
Only the worthiest of all
May your choice make happy,
And I will bless the noble one,
Many thousand times.
I shall rejoice and I shall weep then,
Blissful, blissful I am then,
Even though my heart should break,
Break, o heart, what does it matter?

**Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben - I Cannot Grasp, Nor Believe It**
I cannot grasp, nor believe it,
A dream must have me bewitched,
How could he from among all others
Have exalted and blessed poor me?
It seemed to me that he had spoken:
"I am forever yours,"
It seemed to me that I am still dreaming,
For it can never be thus.
Oh let me die in my dream,
Cradled on his breast,
Let me drink blissful death
In tears of infinite joy.

**Du Ring an meinem Finger - You Ring On My Finger**
You ring on my finger,
My little golden ring,
I press you devoutly on my lips,
Devoutly to my heart.
My dream had come to an end,
Childhood's peaceful, lovely dream,
I found myself lonely and lost
In empty, infinite space.
You ring on my finger,
You taught me only then,
You opened to my eyes,
Life's infinite, deep value.
I want to serve him, live for him,
Wholly belong to him,
Give myself and find myself
Transfigured in his splendour.

**St. Matthew Passion**

Recitative:"Wiewohl mein Herz in Tränen schwimmt"

Aria:"Ich will dir mein Herze schenken"

Recitative:
Although our eyes with tears o'erflow,
Since Jesus now must from me go,
His gracious promise doth the soul uplift,
His Flesh and Blood, O precious gift!
He leaves us for our souls refreshment
As He while in the world did love his own,
So now, with love unchanging,
He loves them unto the end.

Aria:
Jesus, Savior, I am Thine,
Come and dwell my heart within.
All things else I count but loss,
Glory only in Thy Cross.
Dearer than the world beside
Is the Savior who hath died.

**En sourdine - Muted**
Calm in the half-light
That the high branches make,
Let our love be penetrated
By this profound silence.
Let us fuse our souls, our hearts
And our ecstatic senses
amid the vague langours
Of the pines and the arbutus.
Close your eyes halfway,
Cross your arms on your breast,
And from your sleepy heart
Chase forever all design.
Let us be persuaded
By the cradling and soft wind
That comes at your feet to ripple
The waves of russet grass.
And when, solemnly, the evening
Falls from the black oaks,
Voice of our despair,
The nightingale will sing.

**Fantoches - Marionettes**
Scaramouche and Pulcinella,
Whom an evil plot brought together,
Gesticulate, black under the moon;
Meanwhile the excellent doctor
From Bologna gathers slowly
Medicinal herbs among the dark grass.
Then his daughter, of a piquant little face,
Under the hedge, on the sly,
Glides half-naked in quest
Of her handsome Spanish pirate,
Whose distress a lovelorn nightingale
Proclaims at the top of its voice.

**Clair de lune - Moonlight**
Your soul is a chosen landscape
Which is charmed by masqueraders and rustic dancers,
Playing the lute and dancing, and almost
Sad beneath their fantastic disguises.
Even while singing in the minor mode
Of victorious love and the opportune life,
They do not seem to believe in their happiness,
And their song mingles with the light of the moon,
With the quiet moonlight, sad and beautiful,
That makes the birds dream in the trees,
And makes the fountains sob with ecstasy,
The tall slender fountains among the marble statues.

**Plum Pudding**
Now first you take eleven pounds of
juicy Concord grapes combined with
equal parts of extra fine Tokays.
(Be sure they are juicy;)
And then you take two cups or so of
breadcrumbs into which you melt a
pound or so of butter, fat, of lard:
(Use Spry or use Crisco.)
Eleven cups of suger(either brown or white
or powdered);
a glass of milk, and half a glass of
Bacardi or brandy;
three eggs, and a lemon.
Now mustard, powdered cinnamon, and
ginger, all together making
half a teaspoonful of condiment
which you combine with half a
teaspoonful of table salt.

**Ox-Tails**
Are you too proud to serve your friends an ox-tail stew?
You're wrong! For if you have enough of them
you'll find you can make a fine ragout.
Remove the tails which you have used to make the stew,
and then you can bread them, and
grill them, and prepare them with a sauce.
You'll find them delicious and diff'rent
and so tempting.
Are you too proud to serve your friends and ox-tail stew?

**Tavouk Gueunksis**
Tavouk gueunksis, so Oriental!
Put a chicken to boil, young and tender and sweet;
then in the Arab manner you slice it up into pieces.
Then boil flour and the water,
and add to it the chicken;
then prepare it as above;
in the manner we described for Mahallebi.
Tavouk gueunksis, a Turkish heaven.

**Rabbit At Top Speed**
When you have a sudden guest,
or you're in and awful hurry,
may I say, here's a way to
make a rabbit stew in no time.
Take apart the rabbit in the
ordinary way you do.
Put it in a pot or in a
casserole, or a bowl with
all its blood and with its liver mashed.
Take half a pound of breast of pork,
finely cut (as fine as possible);
add little onions with some pepper
and salt (say twenty-five or so);
a bottle and a half of rich claret.
Boil it up, don't waste a minute,
on the very hottest fire.
When boiled a quarter of and hour or more
the sauce should now be half of what it was before.
Then you carefully apply the flame,
as they do in the best, most expensive cafés.
After the flame is out,
just add the sauce to half a pound of
butter with flour,
and mix them together...
and serve.

**Una Voce Poco Fa - A voice, a little while ago**
A voice, a little while ago,
echoed here in my heart;
my heart is wounded now,
and it was Lindoro who covered it with wounds.
Yes, Lindoro will be mine-
I've sworn it, I shall win.
My guardian will object.
I, quick-witted, will be sharp;
in the end he will acquiesce,
and I will be content.

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**Una Voce Poco Fa -**
I am submissive,
I'm respectful,
I'm obedient,
sweet, affectionate.
I allow myself to be governed;
I let myself be guided.
But if they touch me
where my sensitive spot is,
I will be a viper,
and I'll cause a hundred tricks
to be played before giving in.

**Ah! Je ris de me voir - The Jewel Song**
What do I see there?
Where can that little splendid chest come from?
I dare not touch it, and yet...
Here is the key, I believe!
What if I should open it?
My hand is trembling! Why?
I'm not doing anything wrong by
opening it, I guess!
Oh God-what jewels!
Is this a pleasant dream that is dazing me?
Or, what if I'm awake?
My eyes have never seen
such opulence!
If I only dared
to adorn myself for a moment
with these earings!
Ah! Here is just what I need,
at the bottom of the box:
a mirror!
How not to be coquettish?

Ah! I'm smiling, seeing myself
so beautiful in this mirror!
Is it you, Marguerite?
Answer me: answer quickly!
No, it's no longer you!
It's no longer your face;
it's the daughter of a king
to whom people bow as she passes!
Ah, if he were here!
If he could see me like this!
Like a lady of gentility
he would find me beautiful!

**Ah! Je ris de me voir - The Jewel Song** (continued)
Let's complete the transformation.
I'm most eager to try
the bracelet
and the necklace!
God! It's like a hand
that sets itself upon my arm!
Ah!...